

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 79.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

GRATITUDE.

HARDLY any bad thing is so much exclaimed against as ingratitude. It seems to be not only very ill taken by those who are its direct objects, but also by all who hear of any instance of it, as if every human being were interested in the exhibition of a contrary feeling, and felt injured when it was not shown. "Ingratitude!" nine out of every ten persons will cry, when the subject is but mentioned; "it is the basest of all sins. Do not let me ever hear the name of an ungrateful person." Certainly, to be so common a sin, it is one which meets with amazingly little excuse or allowance. In this, of course, there must be some fallacy, some blindness, something of some kind or other, which prevents men from seeing the fault in its proper light; for how, otherwise, should every one be ready to condemn a sin, which, from its universality, must in all probability be as characteristic of himself as of his fellow-creatures?

The truth seems to be, that, if there is much ingratitude in the world, there is as much of an unreasonable expectation of the reverse—and hence a great deal of the disappointment when the reverse is not shown. Favours are not often conferred in a right spirit. They are sometimes given from a mere want of estimation for the things bestowed, sometimes for the sake of inducing greater favours in return, sometimes in the vain hope of procuring a greater friendship from the person favoured than what he has it in his nature or in his convenience to bestow, and very frequently that is given which the other party did not want, did not seek for, and cannot be benefited by having. To make these facts quite clear, let us just recollect the difference between what we generally give for charitable purposes, or when a person really in need of a favour applies for it, and what we are in the habit of expending when we are anxious to entertain or give a present to a person of our own or a superior rank, who neither requires nor requests it. It is not unreasonable to say, that we give to the necessitous in copper and silver, to the non-necessitous in gold. But, indeed, the remark is much older than our day, and must be familiar to every one, that the surest way to obtain a favour is to seem not to need it; the converse of which is, that, if we really need, we never get, all mankind being bent only on favouring those who can make a suitable return, or upon whose minds, at least, they desire to make an impression favourable to themselves. Now, if favours are not conferred in a right spirit, how is it to be expected that in a right spirit they should be received?

No doubt, many persons who were succoured in need, and from a spirit of pure benevolence, have made an ungrateful return. But then we should recollect, that the very circumstance of having been obliged to accept a favour, however put up with in the moment of need, is almost sure afterwards to produce a feeling of such an uneasy kind, that men naturally endeavour to lessen the favour in their own recollection, and, upon any feasible excuse, to throw it off altogether. Persons in the way of conferring favours tell us that there is always enough of gratitude at the time when the favour is conferred, or so long as its beneficial effect is felt, but that it always grows fainter and fainter, until at last it dies quite away, or even degenerates (and this is what surprises them most) into a feeling of absolute dislike and hostility. It may be said, in palliation of this charge, that the perpetual homage which is implied by gratitude is a price so dear, that men cannot be properly expected to pay it for any kind of favour. There ought most unquestionably to be a limit to the duration of this deference of spirit, proportioned to the value and be-

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nefit of the action by which it was called for; otherwise, accepting a favour becomes equivalent to a selling of the soul into slavery. Now, is it not as often from an undue desire to continue this painful yoke upon the necks of those we have benefited, as from an undue desire on their part to shake it off, that we complain of ingratitude? Is it not in general from actual suffering under this yoke that the persons benefited have at last conceived a feeling of dislike towards their benefactors, and expressed it in actions the very reverse of those which were expected? And, after all, is it clear, in any instance of a favour being conferred, which is the party from whom the gratitude is due? May not one man sacrifice more of his sense of dignity and independence in being the apparent receiver, than the other sacrifices of a meaner kind of property in being the apparent giver; and may not the latter have the most pleasure and benefit in proportion to the expenditure? At the very best, the thing bargained for by the giver is of a vague and indefinite nature, and there is nothing so natural, as, where the price is not exactly defined, for the parties afterwards to fall out about the settlement.

The spirit in which favours ought to be conferred, and in which they are conferred by all really good and rational persons, is one which in a great measure precludes the expectation of gratitude. Good should be done for its own sake, and not from any paltry motive of interest; neither from a desire of bringing back good to ourselves, nor from a wish to acquire a sense of superiority over those we benefit, nor for any other reason or object whatever, than simply that evil may be obviated, and that the great ends of the Giver of all Good may be served. In order to make a good action perfect, it would almost be requisite that we did not know what individual was the better of it, so that it might run no risk of being diminished or depreciated by our afterwards solacing ourselves with the incense of a humbled man's thanks. Let us be as much as possible the unseen instruments of good; and the benefited persons, though they might have fretted under a sense of obligation to us their fellow-worms, will repay it a hundredfold by the devotion which it will excite in their hearts, towards the Deity who gave us the means and inspired us with the wish to aid them.

DRESS.

In dress, man is entirely subservient to custom; in almost every other thing he exercises his freedom of thought and free will, and ventures to act for himself: He will have a government after his own mind—a religion according to his conscience—he changes the form of his houses and grounds as his fancy dictates—he leaves off one particular department of study, and resumes another, according to inclination—he even makes a total change of his food according to the caprice of his appetite—and yet this same man continues, month after month, and year after year, to put on just such a cut of coat, or figure of other habiliments, as are sent home to him. In short, he is the mere creature of the caprice of his tailor, or, if of the other sex, the implicit adopter of the more fantastic fancies of the milliner.

When we say that the dress of this country is never varied, we mean in all that constitutes its essential and general features; as to minor details, the variations are never-failing and endless; and yet, perhaps, there is no dress throughout the whole world which will be found less comfortable, less appropriate, or less graceful, than that which now and for several centuries has prevailed in modern Europe. In all the

essentials of dress, it is inferior even to that of the rudest nations made known to us by modern discoveries. It is inferior, as being stiff and uncomfortable, as being decidedly ungraceful, and as being little suited to convenience or health. Compare the dress of an Otaheitan savage as described by Cook, and how superior in every point of view it is to that of their more civilized visitors and discoverers! How flowing and graceful were the vestments of the ancients, as handed down to us by the descriptions and paintings of cotemporary historians and artists—such, for instance, as those of the Greeks and Romans—and what a dignity and simplicity is embodied into the cartoons of Raphael, by his adoption of this mode of dress for his figures!

Although the human body is the most graceful and most majestic object that nature presents to our contemplation, yet it is evident, that, unlike all other animals, man was formed destitute of any external covering, in order that he might clothe himself by his own ingenuity and labour; and neither decency nor convenience allow the state of complete nudity. A covering of some kind or other, then, is necessary; but its form and proportions being left to the general taste, depend upon opinion and circumstance. That sort of clothing which fits the limbs and other parts of the body exactly, and shows their natural form and proportion, is not unbecoming, although it must in some degree tend to impede the full play of the muscles and action of the body. That which floats in light drapery around the body, and rather shades than conceals its outline, is highly graceful, at the same time that it allows of the utmost ease and freedom. That which covers the person entirely, and folds the whole man up in his garments, is cumbrous, and, if not managed with unusual art, borders on deformity.

The first or close dress was, according to Tacitus, the manner in which the nobles among the ancient Germans were clothed, and is still, to a certain extent, the national dress of the Hungarians, which is imitated in the uniform of our hussars. The second, and most elegant, was the dress used by the Greeks and Romans, and, as far as we can understand, seems to have been the prevalent dress among the nations of antiquity. The Roman dress consisted of the toga, a flowing robe of white woollen cloth, which covered the whole body, drawn up and suspended over the left arm, but leaving the right at liberty; below this was worn a tunic, or closer garment, reaching to the knees, and bound round the waist by a belt. The third, or full and flowing dress, enveloping the whole body, is that of the oriental nations, and is seen to this day among the Turks and Persians. After the revival of civilization and commerce in the middle ages, a richness and magnificence of dress was in vogue in Europe, without much regard to taste or elegance, and consisting of a combination of some parts of the ancient Roman, with modern innovations. The Spanish dress prevailed in Europe and in England during the reigns of the last Henries and Queen Elizabeth, but after this period the French costume was introduced, and has ever since prevailed, and continues to extend over the civilized globe. If we take a dispassionate view of this dress, and especially as it prevailed in the last two centuries, nothing can appear more unnatural, constrained, or ungraceful, and nothing more at variance with the graceful and flowing outline of the human form. Indeed, our modern dress is so managed as to conceal all the bendings and waving lines that naturally grace the human exterior, and to replace them by numerous angles, bundles, and knots. Thus the neck is wrapped up in a bundle of linen, or encased in a stiff collar of buck-

ramed and padded stuff, that completely destroys its free and graceful motions. The shoulders, arms, elbows, and wrists, are all rendered of one uniform thickness, by a stiff-out or preposterously wide sleeve. The knees are stiffened and cramped by buttons and buckles, or long shapeless trousers take away all figure or proportion from the waist down to the sole of the foot. The coat is the most ridiculous thing imaginable. It has neither length nor breadth to answer the purpose of drapery, and it is marvellously contrived as to hide all proportion of figure. Its extremities are all straight lines and angles; its collar is a monstrous and superfluous appendage to the neck; its breasts are nicked out into triangular ornaments, and stiff rows of buttons run up and down both fronts, while behind, two perfectly superfluous ones stare out like the glittering eyes of an alligator. The waistcoat has the same defects, in a smaller degree. Shoes are most ingeniously contrived to cramp the toes, thereby disfiguring the natural shape of the foot, and causing incurable lameness, or they are raised on high heels, with a narrow instep, as if to aid in walking were not at all a requisite in their adoption. As for the head, which is confessedly the crowning glory of the human figure, and which nature has so beautifully shaped and adorned—which is the seat of grace in youth, of reverence in age, of beauty in the softer sex, of command and majesty in the other—the head is encumbered with all the deformities which human grossness can devise. What, in the whole works of art, is more unnatural, stiff, and uncomfortable, than a modern hat—a mass of glue, paper, and wool, formed into a cone or circle, with hard lines, and stiff and unyielding corners, presented to the view on all sides, without beauty, or grace, or comfort, or even use, liable to be blown off with every gust of wind, cramping the head, and serving not only as a complete attraction for the rays of the summer sun, but forming a reservoir of heated air, which continually annoys the wearer. If we turn for a moment to the bonnets of the other sex, here matters are no better, but even worse. Here huge unsightly masses of silk and pasteboard, or stiffened or plaited straw, tower upwards and around for many feet, without beauty, or grace, or proportion, presenting a mark for every gaze to waste its breath on, and enveloping the countenance beneath in disfiguring shade and oblivion. We need not speak of the barbarism of modern caps, laces, and ribbons, arranged with all the profusion and bad taste but too often conspicuous. But if we turn back for half a century, we come to even greater follies. We then come to an age of painted faces, hardened hair, overflowing wigs of horse hair, curled and twisted into all the most fantastic modes, and tied up into lengthened tails, like that of a monkey: then was the age of hoops, furbelows, and high-heeled shoes, and of bag wigs, cocked hats, and swords. That such absurdities existed, could scarcely be believed even in this age, when taste in dress is yet at a low ebb, did we not see the proofs of it in the portraits of the day, and in the mimic representations of the stage, handed down faithfully from one generation to another.

Now, nothing can be more absurd than this perpetual tampering with dress, and alternation of fashion in our habiliments—this changing of the simplicity and beauty of the human outline into the likeness of a monkey. As there is a standard of the human figure and proportions which nature uniformly preserves, so there must be an appropriate standard of dress suited to these proportions, which ought to be beyond the innovations of false taste, caprice, and professional cupidity. We doubt not that all ridiculous fashions have had their rise from two sources. In the first place, the deformed, ugly, and ill-shaped, invent dresses to conceal their defects, and, if they are of sufficient influence in society, impose these dresses upon the well-proportioned and beautiful, in order to reduce them to their own standard of deformity. How else can we account for large ruffs round the shoulders and neck, stuffed and padded clothes, paint and patches for the face, powder for the hair, artificial curls and wigs, hooped petticoats for the fat, high-heeled shoes for the lame or dwarfish, and all those unaccountable freaks which the history of dress and the experience of the present day point out to us? The second cause of fashions arises from the cupidity of tailors and milliners, who drive a lucrative trade in their monthly alterations of the cut or colour of their various commodities, aided in their fancies by the extravagant tastes of silly and empty-headed ladies of fashion, and gentlemen of the ton, who pant for distinction in the only field open to their capacities. In this way, it is humiliating to the dignity of human nature to witness how wise men and fools, mighty senators and judicious matrons, as well as empty block-heads and uninformed misses, are all brought to a uniform level of absurdity. A man of sense either does not give himself the trouble to dictate about the cut of his coat, or has not courage to be so singular as to dress according to his inclinations, and hence becomes the prey and tool of his tailor. As we have already remarked, while the church and state, and arts and sciences, are daily receiving amendments, the consideration of dress has never yet been projected. How can we ever expect any indications of taste or elegance in dress, then, when the impositions of the fashions are such as we describe? As long as there is no standard, all must join the current of the day—as well those who have taste and discern-

ment, as those who have neither. For instance, one of the chief beauties of the female figure is the smallness and roundness of the shoulder, compared to the breadth and muscularity of those of man; but in our present dresses, every pains is taken to swell out and amplify the female shoulder, until the figure becomes an inverted cone, with the broadest end upwards; thus doing away with that beautiful and appropriate distinction which nature has set between the two sexes.

In the reformation of dress, then—an event which will perhaps take place as soon as common sense is sufficiently diffused—the circumstances to be attended to are, comfort, healthfulness, elegance, and propriety; happily, all these are compatible with, and indeed arise out of, each other. Females, above all others, especially those who take little exercise, should be warmly and comfortably clothed; the same is the case with children, they, as well as the aged, being peculiarly subject to injury from cold. As little difference as possible should be made in the principal parts of dress in summer and in winter, for in this climate summer may prevail during the day, and the chill of winter succeed in the evening. The great elegance of dress generally consists in its simplicity, and this applies to shape, colour, and ornaments. The most appropriate colours are the subdued, and a dark colour generally sets off the human figure to greater advantage than a light. Mixtures of gaudy colours should in every case be avoided. If we were asked the most appropriate colours for a beautiful person, we would say, either snow white or black, very slightly relieved; and in its fashion we would again inculcate simplicity; for beauty needs not the aid of ornament.

ELIZABETH LATIMER.

It is hard, that, with man, talent, combined with perseverance, should be almost omnipotent to overcome obstacles the most numerous and formidable, while in the hands of woman, it is often wholly useless, unless fortunate circumstances, such as wealthy or literary connexions, obtain for the possessor the opportunity of gaining by its display, fortune and fame. Few and rugged are the paths by which her genius, unaided and alone, may climb even to competence.

Such an isolated being was Elizabeth Latimer, who, at twenty-four, found herself in possession of an accomplished mind, a memory stored with reading of the best kind, and a judgment accustomed to exercise itself from its earliest development; and this, with a graceful person, and a countenance of great sweetness and intelligence, was pretty nearly all that Elizabeth possessed. She had been for many years the only daughter of a merchant, who, though he did not, like some of the merchants of Boston, draw his resources from all the ends of the earth, yet possessed enough for the indulgence of luxury. The indications of talent which he very early discovered in the young Elizabeth, determined him to bestow on her an education that would save her from adding to the number of those precocious geniuses, who, from a misapplication of their powers, become unfit either for the daily concerns of life, or to hold a place among those who are gradually procuring indulgence and respect for female intellect.

We will not detail the progress of Elizabeth's studies. They were such as opened her young mind to all that was lovely in virtue, and lofty and excellent in intellect. She lived principally in the country, in a small but intelligent circle, sufficiently enlightened to save them from the dominion of a gossiping spirit, yet not so learned as to allow her to acquire any thing like a pedantic tone.

The tranquillity of their own house had received a startling shock when Elizabeth was about fifteen, by Mr Latimer's bringing home a second wife, very little more than her own age, but of entirely different temper, habits, and tastes. It was then that Mr Latimer perceived that he had done wisely in giving to Elizabeth habits by which she could abstract her thoughts from the jarrings of a stepmother who was jealous of her. But their school of trial did not last long. Mrs Latimer only lived to present her husband with a son.

When Elizabeth entered into society, she carried with her many warnings from her father to avoid the display of acquirements which were not common to all. She listened, determined to profit by his advice, though she felt there was some injustice in laying this embargo upon wit and learning. But poor Elizabeth found herself sadly at a loss when she encountered a bewildering number of new faces, whose ready smiles and pliancy of expression concealed all that was passing in the heart. She felt it as impossible to catch the light tone of those around her, to talk of nothing, to express rapture and enthusiasm where she felt only indifference, as it would have been for one of the gay circle to have shone forth as an improvisatrice. Being perfectly unaffected and simple, she took refuge in silence; but her speaking countenance often betrayed the listlessness she felt.

We seldom reflect long, amid the enjoyments of affluence, upon their precarious nature. Elizabeth retired from the world, and devoted herself to her father and to the education of Louis, her brother, whom she loved with all a mother's tenderness. He was indeed a sweet and gentle child, fond only of books and sedentary amusements, and Elizabeth's time passed away as happily as time passed in the exercise of duty usually does. She was often uneasy, often tormented by vague fears of future poverty and distress, but these were

only clouds that overshadowed her at times. Her horizon generally was bright; but the blow anticipated fell upon her at last. Mr Latimer had ventured his fortune in a speculation which was to enrich Louis and his posterity for ever.

After many months' suspense, the news reached Mr Latimer that he was ruined. He did not long survive it, and his son and daughter found themselves friendless and poor. A few hundred dollars was all that could be collected for them, nor had they any claims upon others. They had but few family friends, and Elizabeth's was not a spirit to brook dependence. Poverty at first sight is not so frightful as when it comes near enough to lay its cold, gripping fingers on us; and, in the present excited state of her feelings, the prospect of maintaining herself did not appear so difficult as she afterwards found it.

Mr Latimer had insisted, some months before his death, that Louis should be placed at a large public school. Elizabeth had consented to his plan with readiness, though it grieved her to part with the little companion whose quickness enabled him to catch with facility every thing she taught him; but she was aware that a public school is indispensable towards acquiring manly habits, and that independence of ridicule, which are necessary to all who walk the world, however retired be the path they choose.

It was evening, and she was alone when she took possession of two small rooms in Darton Street. Dull and dreary was the aspect of every thing. The window of the little sitting-room was close to a high stone wall, nor were light and beauty shut out from that entrance only. From her chamber window nothing could be discerned but a long range of warehouses. There was not even the sight or sound of labour to cheer the prospect. "A cobbler or a blacksmith would enliven the scene," thought Elizabeth, "but I hope I shall not stay here long." Her first attempt to escape from her new dwelling was a letter to a lady with whom she had long been intimate. Her plan was to open a school, and she solicited Mrs Graham's assistance, or rather patronage, without taking into consideration how little that lady had to bestow. She answered Elizabeth kindly, explaining to her that her influence was confined to five or six families, none of whom had it in their power to engage for their children an instructress whose accomplishments would entitle her to a higher salary than is given to those who teach the elementary parts of education.

Over this first disappointment Elizabeth did not long weep. Keeping a school is a very depressing prospect, and she felt almost relieved by Mrs Graham's letter.

Her next application was to a lady who was desirous of procuring a governess for her daughters—one of those ladies whose *beau ideal* of a governess is that of a being with every talent and every virtue under heaven, combined with a degree of humility that will endure every insult that narrow minds bestow upon the unfortunate.

One lady objected to her because she could not teach velvet painting. It was in vain Elizabeth, who liked the mild tones of this amateur in footstools and sofa covers, urged the superiority of the higher branches of painting. "That might do for artists," said the lady, and Elizabeth took her leave. Another expected her to teach embroidery and shoemaking to six daughters; but the most fatal bar to her success was the want of a knowledge of music.

After many failures she relinquished the hope of obtaining a situation, and turned her thoughts to her last resource. She determined, with a heavy heart, to offer her services as a translator to a publisher whom she had often heard spoken of as a man of taste and liberality. Translating is a fatiguing and inglorious task, but she had no alternative. While she was hesitating whether to address him by letter or apply to him in person, Mr Warren was announced. Elizabeth knew him well, for he had been a frequent visitor at Mr Latimer's. He was remarkable only for his extreme dullness, and his desire of being thought a man of genius and learning. He picked up scraps from pocketbooks and newspapers, and wearied his friends by commonplace remarks, uttered in a tone of oracular wisdom. His address to Elizabeth was hesitating and confused. He proposed—and how infamous the proposal—that Elizabeth should write papers for him, of which he should appear as the sole author; and in the meanwhile left her to make up her mind.

"He has made me laugh, at least," said Elizabeth, after his departure. "I always thought him a fool, but never expected such an excess of folly from him; but it will cure me of attempting to set bounds to the folly of a foolish man."

She then threw down her pen, and abandoned herself to despondency.

By the time Warren returned, Elizabeth had so balanced the advantages of his scheme against its objections, as to give him the assent he expected. His presence revived the ridiculous ideas that his proposal had at first suggested. The tone of his voice was expressive of extreme dullness, and there was a stupidity about him that completely oppressed Elizabeth. She began to be ashamed of acceding to his plan, doubting, indeed, if any production, supposed to be his, would obtain a reading from the editor. However, a short time would decide her fate, and she resolved to make the experiment. She inquired beforehand what was to be the compensation for her trouble. He named

the probable sum. "You rate intellectual labour very low," said she; "but no wonder. However, that, four or five times repeated, will be enough for my purpose. You are aware that you must furnish me with books. I must have a great many authorities to bring to the field. A man like you will be expected to be very accurate." He professed himself willing to be guided by her in every thing, begged her to try and catch his style, and urged her over and over to exert herself to the utmost, before he relieved her of his presence.

Though Elizabeth wrote with facility, she was obliged to refer to so many authorities, to correct and strike out so many redundancies, that she sat up a great part of the night previous to the latest day on which Warren was to call for her little essay. It was finished at last, and she committed it to its trial with a beating heart.

Great was the astonishment of the editor when Warren presented himself in his library with a manuscript of an imposing size in his hand. Greater still at sight of the subject; and it rose to its highest pitch after reading the first few sentences. He knew little of Warren, but he had always heard his name used as a synonyme with dullness, and he was betrayed into abruptly exclaiming, "Mr Warren! I had no idea—I mean I did not expect—Mr Warren, is this yours?" The blush of guilt flew to poor Warren's face, but Mr Leslie hastened to apologise. "Leave it with me for an hour or two," said he, "and you shall hear from me to-morrow."

Elizabeth had once before charmed Mr Leslie by the playfulness of her conversation, and the occasional acuteness of her remarks. There was a nameless something in her style that pleased him, and he accepted Warren's production without hesitation, determining, at the same time, to vindicate him from the charge of ignorance and stupidity.

As soon as Warren received what gave him a delight, he hastened, in a transport of generosity, to divide it with Elizabeth. It was more than she had hoped for, and the consciousness of possessing the means of contributing to her own support, gave an exhilaration to her spirits to which she had long been a stranger. She walked to the school where Louis was making a progress that repaid her for parting with him, and paid, with a thrill of delight, the first fruits of her industry to his master.

She continued to supply Warren with materials for the fame he was acquiring, though there were times when Mr Leslie strongly doubted his positive assertions that he was the author of the manuscripts. There was a taste, an elegance in their style, and a sensibility, that he felt never came from the coarse mind of Warren. However, he had no means of elucidating the point, and gave it up, hoping that accident might one day or other expose the deception.

In the meantime, Warren, who began to find the sums he received from Mr Leslie extremely convenient for his own purposes, began to reduce Elizabeth's share to a third, and then a fourth of the whole. "She cannot want much," he argued with his conscience, "living in those little garrets. I don't see how she can possibly spend five dollars in six months, and always plainly dressed too. I really think I give her more than enough. I dare say she can manage a little to great advantage."

People who are extravagant themselves are often wonderfully ingenious in devising plans of economy for others. Elizabeth was surprised at this falling off; but, in the simplicity of her heart, she never suspected him of such a pitiless fraud. "I have overrated my own productions," said she, "and yet I certainly think I have improved. I have studied the rules of good writing; I read with a deeper spirit of observation; it is strange my pieces should appear of less value to the publishers in proportion as they seem to me more spirited and better finished. Perhaps they are thought studied. I myself find a sameness in them."

A year passed on, and she found that she had just enough to defray Louis's school expenses, and nothing to lay by towards sending him to college. Her health, too, was impaired by constant application, and her spirits crushed by the unvaried sameness of her employment. She felt her health languish: her head ached incessantly; but still she went on for several months. On one occasion she called at Mrs Graham's, where she expected to meet her early friend Mrs Leslie, but was disappointed. In a conversation which ensued in her presence between Mrs Graham and her husband, relative to the pieces she had written, and which were said to be by Warren, she overheard Mr Graham remark, that Warren had boasted to him, in Mr Leslie's library, of having made two hundred dollars in six months by his productions—a sum far greater than she had received.

It is impossible to describe Elizabeth's indignation at learning how she had been deceived. She did not hesitate a moment how to act. Warren was to call the next morning for some manuscripts that she had ready for him, and she determined to speak to him of the baseness of his conduct, and break with him at once. But there is something in the mere presence of a fool that blunts our most eloquent reproaches. It would be absurd, she thought, to talk to him of defrauding the orphan; it will be enough to tell him he has acted dishonestly, and that I will no longer "lend him my pen."

Warren turned pale at her stern inquiry whether

he had fulfilled his promise of giving her whatever he should receive from the editor. He solemnly declared that he had done so, but Elizabeth stopped him short by repeating, word for word, the conversation that had passed in Mr Leslie's library. "Now, Mr Warren, after this it is impossible that I can continue to give up time and health for you. You know the object of my labour; you know my anxiety to procure for Louis the advantages of a good education, and you have enriched yourself at my expense. Find somewhere else a pen that will be at your service; mine writes not another word for you." It was in vain Warren entreated, promised, swore. He even knelt to conjure her to retract. He offered to refund, to pay most liberally; but she was inexorable, and he was obliged to depart, cursing his own folly for boasting.

And now, what was to become of Elizabeth? She thought of sending her papers to Mr Leslie, but that would instantly betray Warren, and she had promised him to be silent. She was strongly tempted, but resisted. "He has behaved ill to me, certainly," said she, "but I must not, on that account, forget my own principles. It is the spirit of retaliation that makes dishonesty travel on like a snowball. I must not think of such redress; but what am I to do? The Grahams have already proved their inability to assist me. However, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,'"—and, hurrying to her room, Elizabeth put on her bonnet, and set out for the publisher to offer herself as a translator. In this species of writing she had the good fortune to find some employment from Mr Carlier, a bookseller. But her task proved tedious and difficult. Eighteen months of seclusion and application, uncheered by success, and rendered still more painful by the privations to which poverty is liable, had destroyed the vigour of her mind, and injured a frame that had never been robust. Her headaches were so frequent and so intense that she frequently spent whole days in correcting the mistakes of the preceding ones. The very attitude necessary for writing gave her pain, but she felt that she could not stop, and some days after the time appointed by Mr Carlier she walked with a beating heart to his house with her translation. She was shown into a parlour at the back of the book-shop, where she sat absorbed in her own feelings, unconscious that she had drawn the attention of a gentleman who entered some moments after her, and who stood gazing with painful interest upon her anxious and excited countenance, which he was sure he had seen before, but could not recollect when or where. And, indeed, Elizabeth was changed since he had seen her last. The calm, high, meditative brow was now contracted by pain, and care had dug caves for those once placid eyes. She sat leaning her head upon her wasted hand, lost in her own anxious thoughts, till Mr Carlier came in.

"Ah! you have brought the translation. However, I have changed my mind since you were here last," Elizabeth, who had learned to anticipate injustice, lost all self-command, and clasping her hands, burst into a passion of tears. "Nay, do not suppose," said Mr Carlier, distressed at his own abruptness, "that I have forgotten our agreement. I have no idea of depriving you of the price of your labours."

He unlocked a desk, and took out bills which he put into her hand, saying, "I only meant to tell you that I have deferred the publication of this work for a few months, as there are so many new books in the press."

Elizabeth hardly heard him. All she thought of was to be at home, and alone. Yet still the future occurred to her. She offered her address to Mr Carlier, saying, in a voice of hopelessness, "Should you have occasion to employ any one in the drudgery of literature, in copying, correcting?"—she paused, feeling as if she were soliciting charity. The card dropped from her fingers, and she hurried away.

Mr Leslie, for it was he who had been an unobserved spectator of Elizabeth's distress, took up the manuscript that lay on the table. "A singular young person, that," said the bookseller; "I must try and find her some employment. Yet I cannot understand how such an elegant and accomplished woman should be in such extreme distress. But what astonishes you?" for, as soon as Leslie had cast his eyes on the handwriting, he recognised that of Warren's manuscripts. Every thing was the same—the folding of the paper—the very silk with which it was fastened. There could be no doubt as to her being the charming writer he had so long wished to discover. "Latimer!" he exclaimed: "surely this must be the daughter of him who was involved in the ruin of B— and T—"

Upon making inquiries, Mr Leslie found that she who was now struggling with poverty and neglect had once been among the favourites of fortune. He described to his wife the scene in Mr Carlier's parlour, and she readily joined with him in the wish to serve Elizabeth. But it was too late to serve or save. She had returned to her lodgings, and, throwing herself upon her bed, gave way to utter despondency. A low fever had been for some time hanging about her, and she now lay down, expecting to rise no more.

Elizabeth had not moved from the spot where she had first thrown herself, when her landlady announced Mr Leslie. His name excited no emotion. She rose mechanically, and went down. Leslie had been examining the books which crowded her little apartment, and every thing he saw convinced him that he was right in his suspicions. He delicately stated to

her his discovery, and expressed a wish to remove her to a station where her talents might procure for her competency and respect. The words sounded like mockery to Elizabeth. Her mind was in that state of abandonment and depression, that, had the honours and riches of the world been within her grasp, she would not have extended her hand.

Mr Leslie proceeded to offer her the superintendence of the education of six young ladies, all of that age when a desire to learn saves the teacher an infinity of trouble. She was about to decline, but the thought of Louis roused her. She lifted her languid head, and attempted to thank Mr Leslie. "Yet give me a short interval of rest before I begin any new employment. It will be but short, for now I feel as if the prospect of accomplishing the first wish of my heart will give me new life and spirits. It is not to contribute to my own necessities that I have struggled with misfortune; but I have a brother dependent upon me—a boy of such uncommon abilities, that I feel it would be neglecting one of Heaven's best gifts, were I to repress them by devoting him to an employment better suited to his circumstances." "This, indeed," thought Leslie, "is woman's love! This is woman's pure, self-sacrificing spirit! That which has supported the sage in his dungeon, the martyr at the stake, and many a misnamed hero, is not wanting here. She is satisfied with her motive, looking forward to a reward so uncertain as the promise of talent in boyhood—a promise as deceitful as the winds or waters."

He left Elizabeth with excited hopes, that prevented her from feeling for some hours the fever that was preying upon her. But the hour of re-act came. All night the wild images of delirium danced before her tortured eyes; and on the morrow, when Mrs Leslie called to invite her to her house, Elizabeth's ear was deaf to the soft voice that tried to awaken consciousness.

As soon as she was well enough to bear removal, Mrs Leslie carried her into the country, where the sight of the green hills and slopes made her feel as if she could again brush the dew from their summits; but even Nature—beautiful Nature—once so beloved, and, during her long gloomy hours in Darton Street, so anxiously pined after, failed to restore elasticity to her step. It was autumn, a season she had always loved. But now, those softly shaded days, which once filled her heart with a pensiveness that she would not have exchanged for mirth, gave a chill to her frame as though the season had been December. Elizabeth felt that her race was run; but the heart, where despondency had long made its cheerless abode, was now soothed by the new and welcome feelings of gratitude and love. Mrs Leslie was one of those benevolent beings who seize upon our affections as their right. The heart gave itself up to her with perfect confidence. The greatest sceptic as to the existence of virtue could not look upon her open, candid countenance without feeling staggered, nor witness the happiness she diffused around her, by the influence of a heavenly disposition upon the daily events of life, without feeling that the source from whence they flowed was pure.

"Look, dear Elizabeth," said she to her languid pale companion, as they were returning from an excursion to some of the beautiful villages on the Connecticut; "Look! that is Mount Holyoke. He overlooks my native village. I hope the time is not far off when we shall climb his rugged sides together." Elizabeth shook her head. "Do not deceive me. I feel that ere long I shall be no more. And yet I cannot say I die without regret, for I am yet young, and youth, even though oppressed with care, shrinks back at sight of the grave. Yet, as I feel drawing nearer to it, much of the fear that it once excited subsides, and, perhaps, before my last hour comes, I may cease to think even on Louis. Poor Louis! if I could have lived a few years longer."

Mrs Leslie wept. She understood how dreadful was the uncertainty of Elizabeth's mind as to Louis, and she lost no time in consulting her husband about removing the only weight from her heart. He willingly agreed to her benevolent proposal, and that very evening Elizabeth was made happy by his assuring her that Louis should receive the same advantages of education as his own son. She could only weep, and press their hands.

Elizabeth lingered only a month longer. The Leslies would not part with her, and their attachment grew stronger as the object of it was fading before their eyes. There were times when all her delightful powers seemed renewed; when the treasures of her memory and imagination charmed away the winter evening; but the flushed cheek and glittering eye warned them that the lamp of life was burning fast away.

One evening she left the drawing-room earlier than usual. Mrs Leslie saw with alarm the extreme paleness of her countenance, and, after a few moments' hesitation, followed her to her chamber. She paused a minute at the door, for Elizabeth had sunk on her knees at the foot of the bed. One arm hung by her side, her head had fallen on the other, which she had flung across the bed. Mrs Leslie trembled as she saw her motionless, then rushed forward; but the hand she grasped was icy cold. The spirit had quitted its earthly tabernacle for ever.

BALLATER.

OUR readers are aware that we have lately made some pretty excursions in the North Highlands, and especially along the banks of the Dee, noticing such remarkable matters as have come in our way. It has, perhaps, been remarked, that on these occasions we have not paid due respect to the celebrity of the village and watering-place of Ballater, the capital of Deeside; and we hasten to make up the deficiency. Ballater is a village situated forty-two miles west from Aberdeen, and is placed on a plain of considerable dimensions, far wider and flatter than such as are generally to be met with in the Highlands. Being now resorted to by real or supposed valetudinarians as a watering-place, and of late erection, it forms a striking contrast in its neatness and regularity to Highland villages in general. It is indeed quite an "oasis in the desert." There is something gratifying in its sweet lowland appearance, as you approach it after the dreary wilds you have just traversed. The steeple of the village forms a prominent object; then through the trees you remark neat white regular rows of small houses; and, with the assistance of the stream and a noble bridge—now, alas, a victim to the floods, but soon to be rebuilt—the extent of the wild plain on which it is situated, and the mountains around, might have given you the conception of a trans-Atlantic city suddenly reared in the midst of the desert. On the north side of the village is the steep round rock called Craigen-darch, and on the opposite side of the river is a line of steep banks covered with pine to the height of some eight hundred feet. But the background towards the west is the most striking portion of the landscape. The highest and most marked object is the princely brow of the great Lochin-ye-gar looking down with calm majesty on the lesser hills, over which it is so much raised as to appear visible from its summit to its base. It is of considerable length, and the front is a flat wall of precipice here and there streaked with snow, while the outline rises at each end with a fine sweeping curve, terminating near the middle of the ridge in a sharp peak. From Lochin-ye-gar the hills descend by a sort of gradation, until they sink into the plain on which Ballater is situated. They are of great variety of form, and we might tire you by describing the numberless beautiful curves in their outlines. Let us add to this picture the Dee wandering round the bases of the smaller hills, here gurgling, there calm and smooth; with the pine, the weeping birch, and the dwarf oak, hanging over its edge, and casting on its waters a deep and solemn shade. The avowed and ostensible object of the persons who every summer gather into a small knot of fashion in this village, is the very simple and innocent one of "drinking water." The Pananich wells were discovered some sixty years ago, from the circumstance, it has been said, of an old woman having cured herself of sores from dipping herself in the spring; since then, the number of visitors has increased yearly; coaches are driven betwixt the village and Aberdeen, and a communication has been opened through Glenshee to Edinburgh.

The wells of Pananich, which are about a mile from Ballater, peep prettily over the trees on the high bank on the opposite side of the river, looking down upon the stream; the establishment consists of a bathing-house and pump-room; and there is a sort of small hospital, very little inhabited by the class of persons in the habit of frequenting Ballater. There are here two descriptions of water: that of one of the springs has the credit of curing scrofulous complaints; that of the other of being of a diuretic quality, and affording relief in cases of gravel, &c. The water in many places springs from the sides of the bank; and it is quite gratifying, in a hot summer day, to see a band of sturdy idlers lolling round these springs, and drinking deep for relief to their numerous disorders. We remember once approaching one of these parties, who appeared extremely boisterous and jovial over deep draughts of the water; we made some remarks on the peculiar virtues of the chalybeate, and on its astonishing effects on the herculean figures before us, when one of the sturdiest of the party, lifting a quench to his lips, remarked, with a peculiar turn of his eye, "Och ay, sir; it's to huz that it does guesde; it's no to name but them that taks a good curn o' whuskyin't that it does guesde." We have always held in mind the advice so solemnly delivered, when we made any application to the waters of the Pananich wells. But having now brought the reader to this spot, he may very probably ask what he is to do with himself for a week or two. In the first place, as to stowing himself away, there is a capital newly built inn, where there is a daily ordinary, and where he will find himself as comfortable as in a city hotel; and the place is filled with lodging-houses. Then, as to the matter of amusement, if he is not content with perambulating and looking at the scenery, we hardly know what to do with him. For our own part, we can scarcely describe the mere indolent pleasure we have felt, after some months of labour and annoyance in the crowded dusty city, in seating ourselves down, in a hot summer afternoon, on a tuft of fresh heather, the shadow of Craigen-darch, with its

beautiful birches and small oak trees, over our heads; the small plain studded with a few houses, and the winding Dee, at our feet; with the beautiful outlines of the hills gilded with the sun, and the enormous precipices of Lochin-ye-gar stripped of their terrors, sleeping calmly against the unclouded sky, and looking like a soft object outlined and coloured on the blue ground. Perhaps there is a slight hum of children amusing themselves, and now and then a citizen, freed from his eleven months' toil, crosses your path. These, and the houses, and the curling smoke, and a few cultivated fields, are the pleasing signs that you are in the inhabited world, but otherwise you are alone with nature.

The chief amusement of Ballater is in circumambulation. You can hardly walk a few hundred yards without seeing something curious, and the natural grandeur which surrounds the place has been lately added to, while the beauty has been somewhat subtracted from by the devastations of the floods; but there are some peculiar scenes which may admit the term "lions" being applicable. There is first Lochin-ye-gar, which we have already tried to describe. Then there is the Lin of Muich, a thundering waterfall of some fifty feet or so. Then there is the whole of Glenmuic, a very wild glen; and Lochmuic, a lake deeply seated among the mountains, about two and a half miles in length, and one in breadth. Then, a little higher in the mountains, is the smaller lake called Dhu Loch—a cold-looking sheet of water, deeply seated among precipices, and visited by the eagle. As a contrast, take Loch Kinord, a calm sedgy lake, in a deep peaceful hollow among the hills, with a small island in the middle, presumed to be artificial, on which are some ruins, given by tradition as the habitation of Malcolm Canmore. Not far from this is the great hill of Morven, at the foot of which rambles a stream characteristically termed the Burn of the Vat. In one spot, the burn enters on the premises of a large rock, which time has enabled the water to hollow out in such a manner, that the spectator, entering a narrow crevice through which the stream passes, feels himself within a great well or vat, with high smooth circular stone sides, from which spring a few birch trees, looking, from their height and stuntedness, like greenhouse plants. Then, if you are fond of such things, you may look at the house of Ballatrach, where Byron lived when he

—"roved, a young Highlander, o'er the dark benth,
And climbed thy steep summit, oh Morven, of snow,
To gaze on the torrent that thundered beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gathered below."

Not far from this you may see Colbuleen, of which the same poet has said,

"When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,
I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Colbuleen."

This is a singular line of mountain, of which the stone seems to have a constant propensity to force its way through the mould and heather.

LISTENERS.

GOLDEN opinions are often to be gained by discreet silence. Some people delight exceedingly to hear themselves talk, but above all things are captivated with the respectful attention of a steady listener; and whoever has the patience to sit and hear them out (that is, not absolutely to wait until they stop of their own accord—for perhaps there is no well-authenticated instance of any thing of that kind—but till something occurs to interrupt them), obtains their good will far more certainly than if he had communicated to them a vast variety of important information, or taken a world of pains to correct their mistaken notions. A character for the most engaging modesty falls inevitably to the lot of him who possesses the power of holding his tongue; the praises of his discernment are everywhere sounded; nay, he often acquires a reputation for conversational abilities: it is true, with regard to this latter point, that doubts are sometimes expressed by some who have been whole nights in his company without hearing him utter more than a few syllables; but the interminable talker—the never-failing patron of silent gentlemen—forgetful of his own fame in his zeal for that of his client, declares that good talents for conversation do not consist in the multiplication of sentences, but in speaking succinctly to the purpose. Advantages more substantial than favourable regards do also frequently accrue to the possessor of this qualification: it were endless to recount how many large fortunes have been secured by persons, male and female, in the fifth, sixth, and seventh degrees of kin, who day after day for years had the fortitude to submit their ears to the recital of the same stories and remarks from an old invalid bachelor relation. And far be it from us to maintain that in this respect the effect did not most naturally and most justly follow the cause. People who have become rich in this manner enjoy indeed no high repute with the world; they are commonly reproached with having meanly subjected their minds for a number of years to a servile acquiescence with all the ca-

prices of him whom they courted through no attachment to his person, but with the precarious expectation of coaxing from him a munificent legacy. This no doubt is more or less the case. We believe, however, that when two persons live long together, their intercourses for the most part assumes a kinder character than that between a haughty lord and an obsequious dependent. The wants to which we daily administer begot in us pity for him who needs assistance—satisfaction with ourselves in being able to relieve them—and a degree of affection for the individual who thus engrosses so much of our care. Gratitude in the other party for dutiful services and increased comforts is a still stronger and more obvious bond of union. This is true, whether the services performed have regard to the case of a decayed body, or the amusement of a mind that cannot find employment within itself. If single gentlemen who have made quarter-plums, half-plums, and plums, without cultivating elegant tastes, the exercise of which might relieve the weariness of an unoccupied old age, were to retire from the bustle of action or business, and to find nobody upon whom to bestow their garrulity, their days would be dreary and wretched in the extreme. Whoever, therefore, lightens the tedium of their afternoons confers upon them whatever happiness they enjoy, and they cannot extend their liberality to any one who better deserves it.

Valuable listeners are seldom to be found of an advanced age. When people get established in life, and have amassed a share of substance and experience, they begin to feel their own weight—to think their opinions merit consideration as well as those of others, and that they are entitled to "deliver their sentiments at length on the subject." As their wealth and wisdom are farther increased, what they say assumes the tone of incontrovertible maxims rather than that of persuasion or argument. By and bye they cannot bear to be contradicted, and in a little time longer you will hear it whispered that they have become intolerable prosers. This gradation is not in every instance true to the letter: multitudes of veterans retain the candour, the simplicity, and almost the vivacity of youth, to their latest years. But somehow or other a man of that period of life is never pitched upon as a person proper to receive the full details of a very long story, which in general cannot be heard with a zest of attention and admiration sufficient to gratify the narrator, unless by the inexperience of the young, which "holds each strange tale devoutly true."

Yet there is a method by means of which talkers frequently contrive to enlist auditors of any age: you have a piece of urgent business, and, going to the person with whom it is to be transacted, lay the whole affair before him: it may be of equal importance to him, but perceiving of what consequence it is to you, and being a proser, he answers, "Well, well; we'll talk of that presently; but did you hear of our famous dinner last night?" You in vain endeavour to get off by saying that you read a full account of the proceedings in the newspapers this morning; he protests there never was such a negligent or partial set as the reporters—they have omitted or misrepresented the whole of his speech: and he goes on mercilessly to inflict upon you the entire oration, from the—"Gentlemen, unacquainted as I am with public speaking," down to the resolution which he in vain attempted to persuade the "numerous and respectable company" to adopt; concluding with a supplementary address to yourself, to prove the ruinous consequences that must inevitably ensue from the rejection of his proposal. Having fully disburdened his mind upon you, notwithstanding your looks of agony, and the unsettled manner in which you occupy your chair, he then perhaps recurs to the matter in dependence between you and him, and you obtain a satisfactory arrangement, which would certainly have been postponed if you had been altogether refractory, and declined to hear the mighty matter with which his mind was labouring. I remember hearing the advice of a wine-merchant, in very extensive business, to his son, which is very much to the present purpose. It is very well known that many of the transactions of wholesale merchants with their country customers are managed by "travellers," as they call themselves, or "bagmen," as they are derisively termed by those whose wit is not too refined to prevent them from making a joke of a man's profession. The sons of the merchants themselves are often employed in this manner, not only to give them a knowledge of every part of their profession, but to introduce them to a personal acquaintance with those who deal with "the house." From a journey of this kind the young man alluded to had just returned; and his father asked him, among other things, "Well, Tom, and how much are we to send to my friend the Provost of Sybo?" "He did not favour me with an order," replied Tom, evidently a little chagrined to confess his want of success in that quarter. "Did not favour you with an order!" exclaimed his father. "There must have been some very particular reason for that." "Why," was the answer, "when I told him our vintages, he would talk of nothing but provincial politics. The conduct of Deacon Farlane at the last election, he assured me, was perfectly infamous. I begged him to look over the catalogue, and select such supplies as he required. He begged to refer it to me if it was not a most base thing in a man first to pledge himself to one party, and then to vote for the other; and went on to enumerate a host of his fellow-citizens who had been guilty of

that delinquency. Perceiving there was no end to his vehemence, I informed him civilly, that, as I had a number of other calls to make, it would be obliging if he would honour me with any orders he had to give. 'Very well, young man,' he said, 'nothing is wanted at present; but give my respects to my old friend your father, who did not use to speak of making other calls the first night he came to my house.' And so," concluded Tom, "I took my leave." "Tom, Tom!" said his father, on hearing this explanation, "I don't know what you'll make of the business when it comes into your hands; but if you wish to sell wine with success, you must be content to listen to a great deal that people have to say on other subjects; and if you do so respectfully, ten to one but they will take a larger quantity than they at first intended. It will not do to go about, and cry, 'Wine, wine!—how much shall we send you?' I must set out to Sybo to-morrow, and keep the worthy Provost a customer of the house, as long at least as I am a partner in it."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JAMES LACKINGTON.

My young friends, the Boys, may remember, that, in my leading address in the first number of the Journal, I promised to give them interesting stories of men who were at one time poor little boys like themselves, but who, by being always honest and industrious, as well as ambitious of rising in the world, came at last to have fine houses and parks; and to be distinguished above all ordinary persons. I am now therefore going to give the boys one of these instructive biographies, namely, the life of James Lackington, a famous London bookseller, who began the world with no more than a single halfpenny, and yet, by his extraordinary perseverance and integrity, became one of the most opulent and respected men of his time. The memoir is in the words of the author himself, except where abridgement is necessary.

"I was born at Wellington, in Somersetshire, on the 31st of August 1746. My father, George Lackington, was a journeyman shoemaker, and a person of such dissipated habits, that the whole charge of rearing his family fell upon my mother, a woman of extraordinary industry, and one who had a very hard fate in being allied to a husband who spent upon liquor all that he could earn. Never did I know or hear of a woman who worked and lived so hard as she did to support eleven children; and were I to relate the particulars, they would not gain credit. I shall only observe, that, for many years together, she worked nineteen or twenty hours out of every twenty-four. Out of love to her family, she totally abstained from every kind of liquor, water excepted. Her food was chiefly broth, which was little better than water and oatmeal, and her children did not fare much better. When I reflect on the astonishing hardships and sufferings of so worthy a woman, and her helpless infants, I cannot but denounce, in the strongest possible terms, that abominable love of drinking, by which my father, as is too often the case, neglected his family, and brought upon himself premature death.

Before my father had fallen into these disgraceful and expensive habits, I was put for two or three years to a day-school, kept by an old woman, who taught me to read the New Testament; but my career of learning was soon at an end, when my mother became so poor that she could not afford the sum of twopence per week for my schooling. Besides, I was obliged to supply the place of a nurse to several of my brothers and sisters; the consequence of which was, that what little I had learned was presently forgot. Instead of learning to read, &c., it very early became my chief delight to excel in all kinds of boyish mischief, and I soon arrived to be the captain and leader of all the boys in the neighbourhood. From this profitless course of life I was rescued at fourteen years of age, when a Mr Bowden, a respectable shoemaker at Taunton, seven miles from Wellington, having seen and taken a liking to me, proposed taking me as an apprentice, offering, at the same time, to seek no premium, and find me in every thing. This offer being accepted by my father, I was immediately bound for seven years to Mr George and Mrs Mary Bowden, as honest and worthy a couple as ever carried on a trade. They carefully attended to their shop six days in the week, and on the Sunday went with their family to a place of public worship.

I had been an apprentice about twelve or fifteen months, when, having been led to attend the plectations of a Methodist preacher, a religious fervour overspread my mind, and engrossed all my faculties. The desire I now had of talking about religious mysteries answered a valuable purpose—it caused me to embrace every opportunity to learn to read, so that I could soon read the easy parts of the Bible, and every leisure minute was so employed. In the winter I was obliged to attend my work from six in the morning till ten at night. In the summer half year I only worked as long as we could see without candle; but, notwithstanding the close attention I was obliged to pay to my trade, yet for a long time I read ten chapters in the Bible every day. I also learned and read

many hymns. I had such good eyes, that I often read by the light of the moon, for my master would never permit me to take a candle into the room.

In the fourth year of my apprenticeship, my master died, but as I had been bound to my mistress as well as my master, I was, of course, an apprentice still; but after my master's death I obtained more liberty of conscience, so that I not only went to hear the Methodist sermons, but was admitted into their society, and I believe they never had a more devout enthusiastical member. For several years I regularly attended every sermon, and all their private meetings; but, alas! my good feelings at length suffered interruption. The election for two members of parliament was strongly contested at Taunton just as I attained my twenty-first year; and being now of age, the six or seven months which I had to serve of my apprenticeship were purchased of my mistress by some friends of two of the contending candidates, so that I was at once set free in the midst of a scene of riot and dissipation. Here I had nearly sunk for ever into meanness, obscurity, and vice; for, when the election was over, I had no longer open houses to eat and drink in at free cost; and having refused bribes, I was nearly out of cash. I began the world with an unsuspecting heart, and was tricked out of about three pounds (every shilling I was possessed of), and part of my clothes, by some country sharpers. Having one coat and two waistcoats left, I lent my best waistcoat to an acquaintance, who left the town and forgot to return it."

Lackington seems now to have fallen into profligate habits, which he afterwards looked back upon with deep regret. However, he continued to work hard, at Bristol and other places, as a journeyman shoemaker, and spent a good deal of spare money on all kinds of books, particularly works of poetry, for which he imbibed a strong attachment. After describing the course of life he led for some time, he thus proceeds:—

"I had not long resided a second time with my good Bristol friends, before I renewed my correspondence with an amiable young woman whom I had formerly known, named Nancy Smith. I informed her that my attachment to books, together with travelling from place to place, and also my total disregard for money, had prevented me from saving any; and that while I remained in a single unsettled state, I was never likely to accumulate it. I also pressed her very much to come to Bristol to be married, which she soon complied with; and married we were, at St Peter's Church, towards the end of the year 1770, near seven years after my first declaring my attachment to her.

We kept our wedding at the house of my friends, the Messrs Jones's, and retired to ready-furnished lodgings, which we had before provided, at half a crown per week. Our finances were but just sufficient to pay the expenses of the day; for the next morning, in searching our pockets (which we did not do in a careless manner), we discovered that we had but one halfpenny to begin the world with. It is true, we had laid in eatables sufficient for a day or two, in which time we knew we could by our work procure more, which we very cheerfully set about, singing together the following lines of Dr Cotton:—

'Our portion is not large indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For Nature's calls are few;
In this the art of living lies:
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.'

After having worked on stuff-work in the country, I could not bear the idea of returning to the leather branch, so that I attempted and obtained a seat of stuff in Bristol; but better work being required there than in country places, I was obliged to take so much care to please my master, that at first I could not get more than nine shillings a-week, and my wife could get but very little, as she was learning to bind stuff shoes, and had never been much used to her needle; so that, what with the expense of ready-furnished lodgings, fire, candles, &c., we had but little left for purchasing provisions. Having, besides, to pay off a debt of near forty shillings, it took two months to make up that sum, during nearly the whole of which time it was extremely severe weather; and yet we made four shillings and sixpence per week pay for the whole of what we consumed in eating and drinking. Strong beer we had none, nor any other liquor (the pure element excepted); and instead of tea, or rather coffee, we toasted a piece of bread; at other times we fried some wheat, which, when boiled in water, made a tolerable substitute for coffee; and as to animal food, we made use of but little, and that little we boiled and made broth of. But we were quite contented, and never wished for any thing that we had not got.

Unfortunately, our health failed under these circumstances, and we were both together taken so ill as to be confined to our bed; but the good woman of the house, our landlady, came to our room and did a few trifles for us. We had in cash two shillings and ninepence, half a crown of which we had carefully locked up in a box, to be saved as a resource on any extraordinary emergency. This money supported us two or three days, in which time I recovered, without the help of medicine; but my wife continued ill nearly six months, and was confined to her bed the greatest part of the time. It is impossible for words to describe the keenness of my sensations during this long term; yet, as to myself, my poverty, and being obliged to live upon water-gruel, gave me not the least uneasiness—it was the necessity of being continually in the sight and hearing of a beloved object, a young and innocent wife, who lay in a state of acute suffering.

Thinking that nothing could relieve my wife but change of air to her native place, I removed from Bristol to Taunton; but here I could not procure so much work as I could do, and, with a view of having a better price for my work, I resolved to visit London; and as I had not money sufficient to bear the expenses of both to town, I left her all the money I could spare, and took a place on the outside of the stage-coach, and the second day arrived at the metropolis, in August 1773, with two shillings and sixpence in my pocket. Next morning I procured a lodging in Whitecross Street, at the house of an acquaintance, and Mr Heath, in Fore Street, supplied me with plenty of work.

In a month I saved money sufficient to bring up my wife, and she had a tolerable state of health; of my master I obtained some stuff shoes for her to bind, and nearly as much as she could do. Having now plenty of work and higher wages, we were tolerably easy in our circumstances, more so than ever we had been, so that we soon procured a few clothes. My wife had all her life before done very well with a cloth cloak, but now I prevailed on her to have one of silk: until this winter, also, I had never found out that I wanted a greatcoat, but now I made that important discovery. At this time we were so lucky as to receive a small legacy of ten pounds, left by one of my wife's relations, and this assisted us to purchase some household goods; but as we had not sufficient to furnish a room, we worked hard, and lived still harder, so that in a short time we had a room furnished with articles of our own. It would not be possible for any one to imagine with what pleasure and satisfaction we looked round the room and surveyed our property. I believe that Alexander the Great never reflected on his immense acquisitions with half the heartfelt enjoyment which we experienced on this capital attainment. After our room was furnished, as we still enjoyed a better state of health than we did at Bristol and Taunton, and had also more work and higher wages, we often added something or other to our stock of wearing apparel. Nor did I forget the old bookshops, but frequently added an old book to my small collection; and I really have often purchased books with the money that should have been expended in purchasing something to eat. On one occasion, when presented with half a crown to buy a joint for our Christmas dinner, I could not resist the temptation of purchasing a copy of Young's Night Thoughts with the money, and my wife thought, on reflection, that I had acted wisely, for had I bought a dinner, we should have eaten it to-morrow, and the pleasure would have been soon over; but should we live fifty years longer, we had the Night Thoughts to feast upon.

Some time in June 1774, as we sat at work in our room, a friend called and informed me that a little shop and parlour were to be let in Featherstone Street, adding, that if I was to take it, I might there get some work as a master. I without hesitation told him that I liked the idea, and hinted that I would sell books also. He then asked me how I came to think of selling books? I informed him that until that moment it had never once entered into my thoughts, but that, when he proposed my taking the shop, it instantaneously occurred to my mind, that for several months past I had observed a great increase in a certain old bookshop, and that I was persuaded I knew as much of old books as the person who kept it. I farther observed, that I loved books, and that if I could but be a bookseller, I should then have plenty of books to read, which was the greatest motive I could conceive to induce me to make the attempt. My friend on this assured me, that he would get the shop for me, which he did, and, to set me up in style, recommended me to the friends of a person recently deceased, and of whom I purchased a bagful of old books, chiefly divinity, for a guinea.

With this stock, and some odd scraps of leather, which, together with all my books, were worth about five pounds, I opened shop on Midsummer-day 1774, in Featherstone Street, in the parish of St Luke, and nothing could exceed the pleasure I felt in surveying my little shop with my name over it. At that time Mr Wesley's people had a sum of money which was kept on purpose to lend out, for three months, without interest, to such of their society whose characters were good, and who wanted a temporary relief. To increase my little stock, I borrowed five pounds out of this fund, which was of great service to me. In our new situation we lived in a very frugal manner, often dining on potatoes, and quenching our thirst with water; being absolutely determined, if possible, to make some provision for such dismal times as sickness, shortness of work, &c., which we had been frequently involved in before, and could scarcely help expecting not to be our fate again.

I lived in this street six months, and in that time increased my stock from five pounds to twenty-five pounds. This immense stock I deemed too valuable to be buried in Featherstone Street, and a shop and parlour being to let in Chiswell Street, No. 46, I took them. This was at that time, and for fourteen years afterwards, a very dull and obscure situation, as few ever passed through it besides Spitalfields weavers on hanging days [proceeding towards Tyburn]; but still it was much better adapted for business than Featherstone Street. A few weeks after I came into this street, I bade a final adieu to the gentle craft, and converted my little stock of leather and tools into books. My business now increased considerably,

many persons buying books from me under the idea of purchasing cheaper than they could at respectable shops; but a considerable number of these kind of customers, which I had in the beginning, forsook my shop as soon as I began to appear respectable, and keep things in better order. I went on prosperously until some time in September 1775, when I was suddenly taken ill of a dreadful fever; and eight or ten days after, my wife was seized with the same disorder. I was a considerable time ill, but at length recovered; my wife, however, sunk under the disease, and her loss involved me in the deepest distress.

During the illness of my wife and myself, we were gratuitously and kindly attended by a young lady in the neighbourhood, who, by the misfortunes of her father, had been reduced to keep a school, and work very hard at plain work, by which means she kept her father from want. Now, this old gentleman died shortly afterwards; and being acquainted with his daughter's goodness, I concluded that so amiable a daughter was very likely to make a good wife. I also knew that she was immoderately fond of books, and would frequently read until morning, which turn of mind in her was the greatest of all recommendations to me. I embraced the first opportunity, therefore, to make her acquainted with my mind, and being no strangers to each other, there was no need of a formal courtship; so I prevailed on her to be my wife, and we were married on the 30th of January 1776."

Some time previously, Lackington abandoned the Methodist connection. From the period of his second marriage, success attended him in all his business arrangements, as a dealer in old books; and he mentions, that nothing did him so much good as the practice of selling only for ready money. He also adopted the plan of publishing catalogues of his books: the first catalogue, he says, contained twelve thousand volumes, and the second, put forth in 1784, thirty thousand volumes. From buying small quantities of books, he rose to be able to purchase whole libraries, reversioners of editions, and to contract with authors for manuscripts of works. This extensive and lucrative business now enabled him to live in a very superior style. "I discovered," says he, "that lodgings in the country were very healthy. The year after, my country lodging was transformed into a country house, and, in another year, the inconveniences attending a stage-coach were remedied by a chaise." As usual in such cases, the envy of the world pursued Lackington for his supposed extravagance; but it appears he was strictly honourable in trade, and spent only what was his own. He assures his readers that he found the whole of what he was possessed of in "small profits, bound by industry, and elapsed by economy." In 1792, the profits of his business amounted to £5000.

The success of Lackington enabled him, in 1798, to retire from the bookselling business with a competent fortune, the reward of his own ingenuity, industry, and tact, in the way of reprinting books at a cheap rate, leaving Mr George Lackington, a third cousin, at the head of the firm, which still exists in the neighbourhood of Finsbury Square. Lackington at first took up his residence in Gloucestershire. Subsequently, he purchased two estates in Alvestone, on one of which was a genteel house, in which he made various improvements, and took up his abode, keeping a carriage, and living in great style. In his retirement, he again joined himself to the Methodists, for whom he built and endowed different chapels, and, till the last, expressed his great sorrow for the manner in which he had spoken of that body in his published memoirs. He finally retired to Budleigh Salterton, in Devonshire; but soon after, his health declined, and he became subject to epileptic fits. At length his decease took place on the 22d of November 1815, in the 70th year of his age.

SLIDE OF ALPNACH.

[From the Economy of Machinery and Manufactures, by Charles Babbage.]

AMONGST the forests which flank many of the lofty mountains of Switzerland, some of the finest timber is found in positions almost inaccessible. The expense of roads, even if it were possible to make them in such situations, would prevent the inhabitants from deriving any advantages from these almost inexhaustible supplies. Placed by nature at a considerable elevation above the spot on which they are required, they are precisely in fit circumstances for the application of machinery; and the inhabitants constantly avail themselves of it, to enable the force of gravity to relieve them from some portion of their labour. The inclined planes which they have established in various forests, by which the timber has been sent down to the water-courses, must have excited the admiration of every traveller; and these slides, in addition to the merit of simplicity, have that of economy, as their construction requires scarcely any thing beyond the material which grows upon the spot. Of all these specimens of carpentry, the Slide of Alpach was by far the most considerable, both from its great length, and from the almost inaccessible position from which it descended. The following is the description of that work given in Gilbert's Annals, 1819, and translated in the second volume of Brewster's Journal:—

"For many centuries, the rugged flanks and the deep gorges of Mount Pilatus were covered with impenetrable forests. Lofly precipices encircled them

on all sides. Even the daring hunters were scarcely able to reach them; and the inhabitants of the valley had never conceived the idea of disturbing them with the axe. These immense forests were therefore permitted to grow and to perish, without being of the least utility to man, till a foreigner, conducted into their wild recesses in the pursuit of the chamois, was struck with wonder at the sight, and directed the attention of several Swiss gentlemen to the extent and superiority of the timber. The most intelligent and skilful individuals, however, considered it quite impracticable to avail themselves of such inaccessible stores. It was not till November 1816, that M. Rupp, and three Swiss gentlemen, entertaining more sanguine hopes, drew up a plan of a slide, founded on trigonometrical measurements. Having purchased a certain extent of the forests from the commune of Alpach for 6000 crowns, they began the construction of the slide, and completed it in the spring of 1818.

The Slide of Alpach is formed entirely of about 25,000 large pine trees, deprived of their bark, and united together in a very ingenious manner, without the aid of iron. It occupied about 160 workmen during eighteen months, and cost nearly 100,000 francs, or £4250. It is about three leagues, or 44,000 English feet long, and terminates in the Lake of Lucerne. It has the form of a trough, about six feet broad, and from three to six feet deep. Its bottom is formed of three trees, the middle one of which has a groove cut out in the direction of its length, for receiving small rills of water, which are conducted into it from various places, for the purpose of diminishing the friction. The whole of the slide is sustained by about 2000 supports; and in many places it is attached, in a very ingenious manner, to the rugged precipices of granite.

The direction of the slide is sometimes straight, and sometimes zig-zag, with an inclination of from 10° to 18°. It is often carried along the sides of hills and the flanks of precipitous rocks, and sometimes passes over their summits. Occasionally it goes under ground, and at other times it is conducted over the deep gorges by scaffolding 120 feet in height.

The boldness which characterises this work, the sagacity displayed in all its arrangements, and the skill of the engineer, have excited the wonder of every person who has seen it. Before any step could be taken in its erection, it was necessary to cut several thousand trees, to obtain a passage through the impenetrable thickets; and, as the workmen advanced, men were posted at certain distances, in order to point out the road for their return, and to discover, in the gorges, the places where the piles of wood had been established. M. Rupp was himself obliged, more than once, to be suspended by cords, in order to descend precipices many hundred feet high; and, in the first months of the undertaking, he was attacked with a violent fever, which deprived him of the power of superintending his workmen. Nothing, however, could diminish his invincible perseverance. He was carried every day to the mountain in a barrow, to direct the labours of the workmen, which was absolutely necessary, as he had scarcely two good carpenters among them all; the rest having been hired by accident, without any of the knowledge which such an undertaking required. M. Rupp had also to contend against the prejudices of the peasantry. He was supposed to have communion with the devil. He was charged with heresy, and every obstacle was thrown in the way of an enterprise, which they regarded as absurd and impracticable. All these difficulties, however, were surmounted, and he had at last the satisfaction of observing the trees descend from the mountain with the rapidity of lightning. The larger pines, which were about a hundred feet long, and ten inches thick at their smaller extremity, ran through the space of three leagues, or nearly nine miles, in two minutes and a half, and during their descent, they appeared to be only a few feet in length. The arrangements for this part of the operation were extremely simple. From the lower end of the slide to the upper end, where the trees were introduced, workmen were posted at regular distances, and as soon as every thing was ready, the workman at the lower end of the slide cried out to the one above him, '*Laches*' (let go). The cry was repeated from one to another, and reached the top of the slide in three minutes. The workmen at the top of the slide then cried out to the one below him, '*Il vient*' (it comes), and the tree was instantly launched down the slide, preceded by the cry which was repeated from post to post. As soon as the tree had reached the bottom, and plunged into the lake, the cry of '*Laches*' was repeated as before, and a new tree was launched in a similar manner. By these means a tree descended every five or six minutes, provided no accident happened to the slide, which sometimes took place, but which was instantly repaired when it did.

In order to show the enormous force which the trees acquired from the great velocity of their descent, M. Rupp made arrangements for causing some of the trees to spring from the slide. They penetrated by their thickest extremities no less than from eighteen to twenty-four feet into the earth; and one of the trees having by accident struck against the other, it instantly cleft it through its whole length, as if it had been struck by lightning.

After the trees had descended the slide, they were collected into rafts upon the lake, and conducted to Lucerne. From thence they descended the Reuss, then the Aar to near Brugg, afterwards to Waldshut

by the Rhine, then to Basle, and even to the sea when it was necessary.

In order that none of the small wood might be lost, M. Rupp established in the forest large manufactories of charcoal. He erected magazines for preserving it when manufactured, and had made arrangements for the construction of barrels, for the purpose of carrying it to the market. In winter, when the slide was covered with snow, the barrels were made to descend on a kind of sledge. The wood which was not fit for being carbonized, was heaped up and burnt, and the ashes packed up and carried away, during the winter.

A few days before the author of the preceding account visited the slide, an inspector of the navy had come for the purpose of examining the quality of the timber. He declared that he had never seen any timber that was so strong, so fine, and of such a size; and he concluded an advantageous bargain for 1000 trees.

Such is a brief account of a work undertaken and executed by a single individual, and which has excited a very high degree of interest in every part of Europe. We regret to add, that this magnificent structure no longer exists, and that scarcely a trace of it is to be seen upon the flanks of Mount Pilatus. Political circumstances having taken away the principal source of the demand for timber, and no other market having been found, the operation of cutting and transporting the trees necessarily ceased."

Professor Playfair, who visited this singular slide, states, that six minutes was the usual time occupied in the descent of a tree, but that in wet weather it reached the lake in three minutes.

Column for Schoolboys.

HORACE—CICERO.

AMONG the Latin poets, Horace, or more properly Quintus Horatius Flaccus, although accounted the most difficult, has been without doubt always the most popular; and accordingly we find more frequent quotations from him than from any other. "He is in Latin," says Dr Francis, "what Pope is in English; and the reason is honourable to his talents, to the refinement and elegance of his sentiments, and to the universal range he took through the extensive provinces of manners, morals, and criticism."

Quintus Horatius Flaccus was born at Venusia, a city on the confines of Apulia, in the south of Italy, on the 8th of December, in the year 64 before Christ. His father was a freedman, and the son of a slave. His principal occupation seems to have been that of a tax-gatherer, and it is said also that he was a fishmonger. Notwithstanding that his income, derived from a small farm in that unproductive part of the country, must have been but scanty, and his other occupations mean and unpopular, it appears that he found means to send his son in early life to Rome, where he obtained a liberal education and an extensive knowledge of mankind, many proofs of which occur in his poetical compositions. On completing his course of education at Rome, Horace went to finish his studies at Athens, which possessed almost the only schools of philosophy at that time in the world. At Athens he contracted acquaintance with many of the young Roman nobility, and became particularly intimate with Brutus, the celebrated republican leader, who appointed him a tribune in his army, an office corresponding nearly to that of colonel. He was at this time twenty-three years of age, and without the least experience in military affairs, as was shown immediately at the battle of Philippi, where, like the great Demosthenes before him, he allowed unmanly terror and shameful flight to deprive him for ever of the reputation of heroism. These circumstances the poet himself has not endeavoured to conceal. Any property which he possessed was at this time lost by confiscation, and necessity then compelled him to exercise his talents for poetry. The excellence of his first attempts gained him the friendship of Virgil, and of Varius, another great poet of those times, but whose works have unfortunately all perished. By these two friends he was introduced to Mæcenas, one of the most celebrated patrons of learned men that ever lived, by whose liberality he was not only relieved from the distresses of poverty, but also enriched even beyond what he formerly possessed. From this period he lived in affluence, enjoying the society of the learned and the patronage of the great. Augustus honoured him with his friendship; and it appears that learned men then lived easy and familiarly with the great, since it is mentioned that the emperor would sometimes seat himself betwixt Virgil and Horace, and say, jestingly, that he sate betwixt sighing and tears—aluding to the asthma of the one, and the rheumatic eyes of the other. Our poet formed one of the party who went from Rome to negotiate a peace between Augustus and Marc Antony, at Brundisium, of which journey he has given a very humorous account in the fifth satire of his first book.

Horace was bound by the strongest ties of gratitude, both to Augustus and his ministers, and therefore impartiality cannot blame the poet for the manner in which he has spoken of Augustus in preference to his rival, Marc Antony. To defend him against the charge of extreme flattery towards the emperor, would perhaps be a fruitless attempt; yet much might be said in extenuation. Flattery is found generally to

keep pace with liberality; and men of genius seldom show a want of adulation when favours have either been received or are expected from the rich or noble. A stronger objection, and one which admits of no palliation, may be brought against several passages in the writings of the Venusian bard. It is grieving to meet with effusions of imagination, conveyed in the grossest language, amidst the finest turns of thought, delicacy of feeling, justness of sentiment, and unrivalled felicity of expression. The moral truths which Horace has mixed with high poetic sentiment and description, would almost form a system of ethics; but these very truths are debased by vicious intermixture. These passages, however, although considerable in number, form but a small proportion of his works, and it would be difficult to name a lyric poet who could with advantage be set in opposition to Horace.*

It would be difficult to add to the praises which every judge of Latin poetry has bestowed on the writings of Horace. There is an indescribable charm in them which gives fresh pleasure to the classical scholar at every new perusal. This is the indubitable test of genuine poetry, and is, perhaps, nowhere found in higher perfection than in the enchanting pages of Horace. According to his own account, his personal appearance had not been any thing of the most prepossessing, particularly from his being afflicted so much with sore eyes; and the cheerfulness of his disposition seems to have deserved greater commendation than the mildness of his temper. He is understood to have been an epicurean in his philosophical sentiments; and, with the love of ease and tranquillity for which he was noted, he set a very moderate value on riches and splendour. He died in the year 7 before the Christian era, in the 57th year of his age, leaving his property to Augustus, from which some have inferred that he outlived his great patron Mæcenas. He was buried in the neighbourhood of the Esquilian hill at Rome, and not far from the sepulchre of Mæcenas.

The works of Horace consist of his Odes, in five books; the poem on the Secular Games; the Satires, in two books; the Epistles, in two books; and the Art of Poetry. His satires and epistles have had many imitators in modern times, and great genius and considerable success have been displayed in many of their performances. Of all the classical writers, Horace is by general consent allowed to be the most difficult to translate; yet so universal has been the ambition to perform this task, that scarcely an English poet can be named, in whose works we do not find some part of Horace. These efforts, however, have not so frequently been directed to give the sense and local meaning of the author, as to transmute his satire, and adapt it to modern persons and times. Of the few who have exhibited the whole of this interesting poet in an English dress, Dr Philip Francis is thought to have succeeded best in that which is most difficult, the lyric part, and likewise to have conveyed the spirit and sense of the original, in the epistles and satires, with least injury to the genius of the author.

An edition of the works of Horace, Virgil, and some other of the Latin authors most commonly used in schools, was formed for the use of the dauphin in France, in the time of Louis the Fourteenth. Each author is illustrated with a series of very useful notes, and an easier collocation of the words is given in the margin, with other matters well calculated to assist that prince, and other ingenious youths, in their study of the Roman writers. The first of these, being the works of the Latin historian Florus, was published at Paris, in 1674, by a lady who calls herself Anna, daughter of Tannaquil Faber; and the others were given afterwards by the dauphin's classical tutor, Daniel Crispin; and these constitute what is called the *Dolphine* edition of the classics.

The genius displayed by the historians and poets of Rome, evidently entitle her to stand on a level with Greece, in regard to such literature; and we come now to consider her claims to the palm of Eloquence, where, by the genius of Cicero, we find her placed at once on an equality with her great rival in this respect also.

Marcus Tullius Cicero, the father of Roman eloquence, was born at Arpinum, a small town not far from Rome, on the 2d of January, in the year 106 before Christ. Plutarch alleges that the surname Cicero took its rise from the circumstance of one of the family having had a flat excrescence on the nose, resembling a *vetch* (in Latin *cicer*); but Pliny supposes that the name was first given to one remarkable for the culture of *vetches*, a certain kind of pulse.

In early life, Cicero gave proofs of those talents which afterwards procured him the highest offices in the state, and conferred honour on the nation to which he belonged. He appears to have made poetry his chief study in his boyish days, and in that pursuit he displayed a strength of mind, and a precocity of genius, of very rare occurrence. He wrote a poem called *Glaucus*; translated the works of Aratus, a Greek poet, into Latin verse, at the age of seventeen; sung the praises of Caius Marius; and in the latter years of his life he recorded in verse the history of his own consulship. These formed the whole of his poetical works, but, unfortunately, no portion of

them has been transmitted to posterity. He acquired his knowledge of oratory under Philo, the academic philosopher, of law under Mutius Scaevola, and of military affairs under the celebrated leader Sylla. His father, although of equestrian rank, had not obtained any public magisterial dignity, and on that account Cicero frequently calls himself a *new man*, an appellation which his enemies used in reproach. After completing his studies, being disgusted with the tendency of the civil wars, he retired into private life, spending his time in the pursuit of philosophy, and in conversation with men of learning, chiefly natives of Greece. His defence of Roscius, the famous actor, the greater part of which oration is still extant, procured his first mark of distinction as an orator, and prudence dictated the propriety of his travelling immediately into Greece, under pretence of delicate health, in order to escape the resentment of Sylla, whose indignation was roused by the acquittal of the man whom he had accused. In Greece, Cicero attended the lectures of Apollonius of Rhodes, he declaimed publicly in Greek, and received high approbation from all present, except Apollonius himself, who remained for some time thoughtful and silent. At last, to remove the uneasy feeling of the young orator, which his behaviour had excited, he said to him, "Cicero, I cannot but admire and praise you, only I am concerned for the fate of Greece. She had nothing left her but the glory of eloquence, and you are carrying that likewise to Rome."

On returning home, Cicero applied himself to public affairs, and his eloquence soon raised him above all the Roman orators. He exercised the office of quaestor in Sicily, with great reputation; after which he held successively the dignities of edile, prætor, and consul, at the regular times when he was fitted by age for these offices. His society consisted chiefly of literary men, and he lived in a genteel but frugal manner. To a frame naturally slender, weakness of stomach added other disadvantages, which he overcame by regularity in study and exercise, and by moderation in eating and drinking. His house stood on Mount Palatine, and he held a levee every day, which the most distinguished men in Rome attended, amongst whom was Pompey the Great. His integrity in the administration of justice during his prætorship was rewarded by the approbation of his fellow-citizens, who united in raising him to the consulship, to crush the conspiracy of Cataline. The ability with which he formed, and the vigour with which he executed, the measures of administration at that dangerous conjuncture, would have placed him high as a statesman, although no other action of his life had entitled him to distinction. Vanity, the inherent failing of this great man, now appeared in its most offensive form, and excited greater enmity against him than so trivial a weakness should have provoked. Publius Clodius, and others, amongst whom history mentions Julius Cæsar, contrived to excite so much odium against him, on account of the arbitrary manner in which he had put some of Cataline's accomplices to death, that at last they procured his banishment from Italy. He went and settled at Dyrrachium in Macedonia, and the cities of Greece vied with each other in showing civility to the distinguished exile. Here, however, his fortune deserted him, and his spirits sunk in deep depression. By the exertion of Pompey the Great, and a decree of the senate, that no business should be done until Cicero was recalled, it was soon proposed to the people that they should invite him to return. The citizens in some degree effaced the stigma of their former decision by their unanimity in his recall. The senate decreed their thanks to all the cities which had treated with respect the illustrious exile, and ordered his town and country houses, which Clodius had destroyed, to be rebuilt at the public expense. Such multitudes accompanied him from his landing, that he says, Italy carried him on her shoulders to Rome, an expression which Plutarch considers short of the truth.

Soon after his return from banishment, Cicero undertook the defence of Annus Milo, who had killed Clodius, as is fully set forth in his orations; and on the death of Licinius Crassus, the son of the triumvir, he succeeded to the appointment of augur, and afterwards obtained the government of the province of Cilicia. The justice and moderation which he displayed in the exercise of this important office, gained him the highest approbation from all; and the senate ordered a public thanksgiving for his routing a band of robbers who infested Mount Amanus, for which victory his army saluted him *imperator*, or general-in-chief. On his way home from Cilicia he visited Rhodes and Athens. By the time he reached Rome, the flames of civil war, between Pompey and Cæsar, were ready to burst forth; and he took part with Pompey, as thinking that the public liberty lay on that side; but although he approved of the murder of Cæsar, it does not appear that he took any part in the conspiracy against him.

Hatred of Marc Antony, and the love of glory, now induced Cicero most violently to espouse the cause of Octavius, afterwards Augustus, against Antony, which ended in Octavius most meanly and ungratefully sacrificing the orator to the resentment of the latter. This is one of the many indelible stains in the character of Augustus, which even the excellence of his government, in the latter years of his reign, can neither remove nor lessen.

As soon as Cicero heard of his being proscribed, he and his brother Quintus resolved to take shipping, and join Brutus in Macedonia. After being on board for this purpose, he again landed, and many places of retreat having been suggested, but none fixed upon, his servants, at last, to prevent his being murdered, partly by persuasion, and partly by force, got him into a litter, and were carrying him to the shore, when Herennius, a centurion, and Popilius, a tribune, whom Cicero had defended on a trial for parricide, came up with the litter, on which the orator immediately stretched out his neck, and Herennius severed his head from his body. He likewise cut off both his hands, which, together with the head, Antony caused to be fixed up over the rostrum, or public pleading place at Rome; and the Romans, while gazing on these mangled remains, thought they did not so much see the face and hands of Cicero, as the soul of the dissolute and malignant Antony. "But in vain," exclaims Dr Littleton, "durst thou wreak thy malice, O Antony! upon the author's life, whose immortal writings, to thy perpetual discredit, shall last as long as the world does, which shall always admire his, and curse thy memory." He was cut off in his 63d year, in the 43d before the Christian era.

In regard to the works of Cicero which have come down to us, consisting of his orations, his epistles, and various treatises on important subjects in morals and philosophy, they may be looked upon as comprehending by far the most interesting portion of the Latin language. He is not less to be admired in philosophy than in eloquence, as is testified by his many writings of that kind on several subjects, wherein he has highly approved his great abilities in all sorts of learning, and has made it manifest that the depth and compass of his understanding, together with the solidity of his judgment in his moral and other treatises, equalled the powers and glories of that inimitable style he showed himself master of in his orations. "There is," says Addison, "as much difference in apprehending a thought clothed in Cicero's language, and that of a common author, as in seeing an object by the light of a taper, or by the light of the sun." As in eloquence he made Demosthenes his pattern, so in philosophy he principally followed Plato; for though he shows himself well acquainted with the tenets of the stoics, and the other sects, yet he seems to have adhered chiefly to the opinions of the academics, or sect of Plato. His epistles ought to be read over by the Latin student with great care, as they contain not only the whole history of his private concerns, but of the affairs of state also as they were managed in his time.

Cicero's treatise *De Officiis* is said to have been the first work printed in Europe, after the invention of metal types by John Gutenberg of Mentz, in 1450. A long lost work of this author was brought to light, rather unexpectedly, a few years ago, at Milan, where it had lain for many ages, buried amongst monkish rubbish, in a half obliterated state. It is known that the monks had a custom of obliterating manuscripts, to make room for their own homilies and expositions; and these twice-prepared parchments, or, as they are now technically called, *Palimpsests*, have, through means of a fortunate discovery made by the Abbé Mai, librarian at Milan, become a subject of interesting investigation, and the probable source of many important recoveries of lost classic authors. In Rome, the Abbé has already made some valuable discoveries, and recovered the other half of a MS., of which a portion only was found under a work which lay in the Ambrosian library at Milan. Among the works of most importance thus brought to light are a part of Cicero's treatise, *De Republica*, and some commentaries of Frontinus.*

SKETCHES OF POLYNESIA.

POLYNESIA is a name of Greek derivation, signifying many islands, by which geographers distinguish those countries and clusters of islands situated in the Pacific Ocean, and which have been denominated by them the sixth division of the globe.—New Holland being now usually considered as the fifth. It would be out of place here to enumerate the various isolated groups, or detail the history of their discovery, as we have at present only to do with two of them—the GEORGIAN and the SOCIETY ISLANDS. The first of these were discovered by Captain Wallis, who crossed the Pacific upwards of a century and a half ago; and subsequently by Captain Cook, who affixed the native name of Tahiti to the principal island of the group. Another cluster was afterwards discovered by Cook, about 70 miles to the westward, which he called the SOCIETY ISLANDS, in honour of the Royal Society, at whose suggestion the expedition was undertaken. The two clusters extend from 16 to 18 degrees south latitude, and from 149 to 155 degrees west longitude. The Georgian Islands include Tahiti, Eimeo, Tabuanu-manu or Sir Charles Sanders' Island, Tetuarua, Matea, and Meetic. The Society Islands include Huahine, Raiatea, Tahaa, Borabora, Maurua, Tubai, Monipha or Lord Home's Island, and Fenuaora or

* Vide Dymock's "Bibliotheca Classica," an excellent work of first-rate authority, lately published, and to which we acknowledge ourselves much indebted in the drawing up of these articles on Roman literature.

* Lady Morgan's "Italy," vol. i. p. 133.

Silly Islands, with various other small isles surrounding them. The entire population of these two groups of islands is calculated at the present time to be about 50,000; but it is certain that at one period they must have far exceeded that number. Captain Cook, indeed, estimated the population of Tahiti alone at 200,000. The devastations of disease, infanticide, frequent wars, human sacrifices, and the depopulating influence of vicious habits, have undoubtedly been the causes of this great decrease in the population; and it is not irrationally supposed, even by the islanders themselves, that, but for the humanising and meliorating influence of Christianity upon them, the inhabitants at no distant period would have been totally annihilated. Before presenting a relation of the manner in which these remarkable islanders were reclaimed from barbarism, we shall offer a few sketches of their peculiar customs and primitive condition.

There are two tribes of men of a totally distinct caste in the islands of the South Sea, the one designated oceanic negroes, strongly resembling those of Africa, particularly in the darkness of their skin and the wooliness of their hair. The others are more akin to the European model of frame and physiognomy; and of the latter sort the inhabitants of the Georgian and Society Islands consist. They are generally above the middle size, muscular and well formed, and graceful and unembarrassed in their deportment. Their countenance is open and prepossessing, the forehead generally high and finely formed, and the structure of the other features what by Europeans is generally reckoned handsome. Their complexion is an olive or bronze, their hair black or dark, and neither wavy nor woolly. Specimens, indeed, of all that is reckoned beautiful and symmetrical in the human form and face, may be frequently met with amongst these islanders. There is one remarkable fact in their physiology, that all their rulers and chiefs—all of whom, be it observed, are hereditary—are uniformly taller, stronger, and more dignified than the peasantry or common people, inasmuch that they have been reckoned a distinct race of men by more than one traveller. The mental capabilities of these islanders are of a much superior cast to almost every other savage nation hitherto known; and, in this respect, together with their hospitable disposition, and docile temper and cheerfulness, present a most favourable specimen of the human being in his primitive and uncultivated state. Their aptness for receiving instruction, indeed, and the facility with which they make themselves acquainted with every art introduced amongst them, together with their naturally acute and logical powers of ratiocination, warrant us in believing, that, although shut out so long from the means of moral enlightenment, they are originally behind no nation of the earth as regards intellectual capacity. That they must have existed as a nation for many ages is evident, from the many rude but ingenious rules common amongst them for computing time, measuring distances, calculating numbers, &c. Their native science of notation, indeed, is in principle precisely similar to the Roman system of numerals, that is to say, reckoning from one to ten, and proceeding upwards by a combination of these numbers, as ten and one, ten and two, &c.

It seems somewhat strange, that, in a people whose unaided native energies had carried them so far on the path towards civilization, their moral habits should have been found so depraved as they were. No portion of the human race, however, were perhaps ever so sunk in that licentiousness which is generally found to distinguish those least removed, in disposition, from the brute creation. The influence of Christianity has of course, amongst its other beneficial consequences, tended to remove this moral blot from their character. In other respects, their private habits were far from being vicious or exceptionable, unless perhaps in a disposition to indolence—a uniform characteristic of the natives of all tropical climes. They are extremely cleanly in their persons, and are particularly fond of bathing, in which they indulge several times every day; and it is something curious that, unlike the natives of other countries, they prefer the fresh water of the mountain streams to the sea, for that purpose. Since the introduction of razors amongst them, almost every one, high or low, shaves regularly once or twice a week. In taking their food, the South Sea islanders pursue that mode which would seem at first sight to be the one indicated by nature, but which civilized nations have denominated "irregular"—namely, eating when they are hungry, and drinking when they are dry, at whatever time of the day or night the inclination may seize them. They take a much larger quantity of food than Europeans in general, but it is by no means of an equally nutritive quality, consisting principally of fruits and other vegetables common in their kind to almost all tropical countries, and therefore not requiring here particular enumeration.

Their staple article of food, and what may be denominated with them, as the wheaten loaf is with us, "the staff of life," is the breadfruit, of which they are very fond, and which is found to be highly nutritious. Two or three of these breadfruit trees, or *artocarpus*, are generally found round every rustic cottage in the interior, at once the shelter and subsistence of the inhabitant. The tree bears two, or sometimes three crops in the year. The fruit is never eaten raw but

is baked in an oven of heated stones, and, after the outer rind is scraped off, is cut into slices and served up. It is of a pure white, but very tasteless.

The principal occupations of the Polynesians are agriculture, fishing, building, clothmaking, and cooking. In the former, their implements are still very primitive and simple. Neither ploughs nor harrows are yet used amongst them, there being no horses or oxen; and they cannot be brought to use the English spades, hoes, and other implements. Their principal tool is something like a large, broad, iron chisel, fixed on the end of a stick, and is found to serve their purpose remarkably well. The vegetables chiefly cultivated are the *uhu*, or yam, the *u-ma-ra*, or sweet potato, arrow-root, the plantain, and the sugar-cane.

Fishing is a great pursuit amongst the islanders, many of them being fishermen by profession. They are well acquainted with almost all the known modes of fishing—the net, the spear, the hook and line, &c., besides many other ingenious plans not practised elsewhere. In no part of the world, perhaps, are they surpassed as fishermen; and the variety and excellence of their fishing apparatus is astonishing. Their native hooks are made of wood, shell, or bone; the latter being extremely curious, and answering the purpose both of hook and bait. The method of using them somewhat resembles our fly-fishing, and a short description of it may at once be found amusing, and will show the ingenuity of these isolated people. The shank of the hook used in catching dolphins, albacores, and bonitos, is made with a piece of mother-of-pearl shell, five or six inches long, and three quarters of an inch wide, carefully cut and highly polished, so as to resemble the body of a fish. On the concave side a barb is fastened, with a firm bandage of finely-twisted flax. The barb is usually an inch and a half in length, and is of shell or bone. To the lower part of this the end of the line is securely fastened, and being braided along the inner, or concave part of the shell, is again attached to the upper. These pearl-shell hooks are considered much finer than any manufactured in Europe. The line is fastened to the hook, or bait, in a curious manner, and is attached to a bamboo cane, twelve or fifteen feet long. Two or three persons then go out in a light canoe, and when they perceive a shoal of the above fish, the person angling throws the hook, keeping the rod at such an elevation as to allow the hook only to touch the edge of the water. When the fish approach it, the rowers ply their paddles, and make the canoe fly rapidly along, the fisherman always keeping the hook skimming on the surface of the water, so as to resemble a flying-fish, the similarity to which being also increased by a number of strong bristles attached to the end of the shell, in imitation of the tail of that fish. The dolphin or bonito dart after it, and is soon hooked. Two men will sometimes catch twenty or thirty of these large fish, by this ingenious contrivance, in the course of the forenoon. Since their intercourse with Europeans, English hooks have been introduced; but still the natives would rather have a nail, or piece of wire, out of which to fashion one for themselves; and the pearl-hooks are still preferred to all others.

The islanders display great neatness in the erection of their buildings, which are constructed, in general, in the exact form of the English houses—that is to say, with a sloping roof, and square or parallel gables and sides. They are built, of course, entirely of wood, and are thatched with the leaves of trees in a manner that would do credit to the most experienced thatchers in Britain. Many of the chiefs' houses are exceedingly large, some of them being capable of containing two or three thousand people: some of them are a hundred and fifty feet long.

The manufacture of native cloth was formerly one great source of occupation and subsistence amongst the islanders. It is composed solely of the fibrous bark of various trees—chiefly that of the wanti, or paper-mulberry, the *auu*, and the breadfruit tree. When the latter is used, the outer rind is scraped off with a shell; it is then slightly beaten, and allowed to ferment in water. A large beam of wood is then laid on the ground, and the bark laid lengthwise across it. The manufacturer then takes a square wooden mallet of ironwood, about 18 inches long, grooved on two sides, one side being very coarse, and the other very fine; a third side is cut in chequers of a lozenge form. With this implement he beats the bark, first with the coarse side, and then with the finer ones, keeping the bark all the while saturated with moisture. By this beating the fibres of the bark are completely interwoven, the resinous matter in it rendering them perfectly adhesive; and when the piece is finished, the texture is often fine and even, while the inequalities occasioned by the lozenge-cut side of the mallet gives it the appearance of woven cloth. This is the whole process of manufacture; and yet it is almost incredible that they will thus make bales containing 200 yards in a piece, and four yards wide! The cloth is afterwards bleached, dried, and rolled up. That made of the paper-mulberry is capable of being bleached beautifully white. The natives of the Society Islands have a variety of vegetable dyes, which they use so as to produce beautiful patterns or figures on the cloth. The cloth is all manufactured by the women, with all classes of whom it is a point of competition to excel in it; and it is customary to remark, on seeing a superior piece of cloth, "it is as fine as if it had been made by the queen."

Even in their native games, exercises, and amuse-

ments, the South Sea Islanders approximate more nearly to the customs of civilized nations, than, from their utterly barbarous and untutored state, could possibly have been imagined. They know, it is true, little or nothing of music, almost their only instruments, whether in war or festival, being the drum, and a *bu* or trumpet; the latter being merely a large conch shell sounded through a bamboo cane inserted near its apex. They have also a flute, used in their domestic festivities, which is played with one hand, and blown—by one nostril! The notes are of course few, but soft and pleasing.

(To be continued.)

NATURE.

By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

O, NATURE! holy, meek, and mild,
Thou dweller on the mountain wild;
Thou haunter of the lonesome wood;
Thou wanderer by the secret flood;
Thou lover of the daisied sod,
Where Spring's white foot hath lately trod;
Finder of flowers fresh-sprung and new,
Where sunshine comes to seek the dew;
Twinner of bowers for lovers meet;
Smotherer of sods for poets' feet;
Thrice-sainted matron! in whose face,
Who looks in love will light on grace;
Far-worshipp'd goddess! one who gives
Her love to him who wisely lives;—
O! take my hand, and place me on
The daisied footstool of thy throne;
And pass before my darken'd sight
Thy hand, which lets in charmed light;
And touch my soul, and let me see
The ways of God, fair dame, in thee.
Or lead me forth o'er dales and meads,
Even as her child the mother leads;
Where corn, yet milk in its green ears,
The dew upon its shot blade bears;
Where blooming clover grows, and where
She licks her scented foot, the hare;
Where twin-tuns cluster thick, and springs
The thistle with ten thousand stings;
Untrodden flowers and unpruned trees,
Gladden'd with songs of birds and bees;
The ring where last the fairies danced—
The place where dank Will latest glanced—
The tower round which the magic shell
Of minstrel threw its lasting spell—
The stream that steals its way along,
To glory consecrate by song:
And while we saunter, let thy speech
God's glory and his goodness preach.
Or, when the sun sinks, and the bright
Round moon sheds down her lust'rous light;
When larks leave song, and men leave toiling;
And hearths burn clear, and maids are smiling;
When hoary hinds, with rustic saws,
Lay down to youth thy golden laws;
And beauty is her wet cheek laying
To her sweet child, and silent praying;
With Thee in hallow'd mood I'll go,
Through scenes of gladness or of woe;
Thy looks inspired, thy chaste'n'd speech,
Me more than man hath taught, shall teach;
And much that's gross, and more that's vain.
As chaff from corn, shall leave my strain.

I feel thy presence and thy power,
As feels the rain yon parched flower;
It lifts its head, spreads forth its bloom,
Smiles to the sky, and sheds perfume.
A child of woe, sprung from the clod,
Through Thee seeks to ascend to God.

—Edinburgh Literary Journal.

MANNERS.

With virtue, capacity, and good conduct, one still can be insupportable. The manners, which are neglected as small things, are often those which decide men for or against you. A slight attention to them would have prevented their ill judgments. There is scarcely any thing required to be believed proud, uncivil, scornful, disobliging—and still less to be esteemed quite the reverse of all this.—*La Bruyere.*

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place, and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.—Agent for Glasgow, JOHN MACLEOD, 20, Argyle Street.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by leaving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 2s.; and of a year, 4s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

IN LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

IN DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Work.